WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, May 12, 1804. [No. 84

THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

A NOVEL.

(Continued from page 241)

THE mild gentle virtues of Emma had been ever acknowledged by all who knew her; and her affection for Percival Herbert was returned with an affection as pure as disinterested; and the day that united Eliza with Howard, was also to be that of her marriage with Herbert. A congeniality of manners and disposition attached those amiable young women to each other in the most indissoluble ties of strict frindship. Nor was Dr. Franklin ever so happy as, when seated in his great arm-chair, he listened to the conversation of the two young couple, whom he alike called his children.

Much as Eliza was elated at the thoughts of visiting the grand metropolis, her spirits sunk as the hour of departure drew nigh; and but for the fear of appearing capricious she would have retracted her promise. She had never quitted for a day the roof of an indulgent father, and her timid apprehensions now magnified every danger that she had before laughed at. Howard uttered not one expression of dissatisfaction, but he looked unusually thoughtful, and was even more than commonly tender in his attentions; begged her not to protract her stay in London, to the punishment of her friends at home, unless she met with those capable of making her more so. "After all" said the Doctor, "this is a foolish business, and seems like going adventuring; but I wish the girl to see her relations, that I may know how to dispose of her, should Heaven think proper to interrupt any of our present arrangements, and deprive her of my protection." This was too much for the already depressed heart of Eliza: she threw her arms round his neck, and wept herself into hysterics. Emma was little better: nor could the volatile Harriet remain unmoved at a scene so strongly appealing to the heart.

"This is childish, Eliza," said the Doctor, wiping the tears from his eyes; "Anticipation of calamity is ingratitude to the Dispenser of Events. You are going in search of pleasure; may you find it, my child. Should you be disappointed in your search, these arms are still open to receive you. Form no hasty friendships; but let those whom you trust be such as are known to possess prudence and integrity: such you will find your best advisers, your most profitable companions. The most accomplished and attractive may daz zle your imagination, and inexperience may lead you to mistake gaiety, and familiar politeness, for good nature and cheerfulness: but, before you place confidence in any, view their character; not as they appear to your eye, but with the strict investigation of reflection and impartial judgment.

You will think these common-place observations, Mr. Howard: they are so to us: but my Eliza will, I know, listen to them, as to an oracle of truth: for they are the well meaning cautions of a loving and beloved father. We shall hear often from you, Eliza, I trust. I don't know what sort of a correspondent you are: I hope you will never let a wish to appear witty, marvellous or sentimental, lead you into an exaggeration, or extenuation, of truth. Sincerity my dear girl, is the first of virtues, the surest proof that all is right within. But, bless me! the chaise is at the door already! I should have sermonised till noon. Well, well; no more tears. Mrs. Rochford, you have some nice preserves in store for the dear girls, I know; do bustle, my good woman, for I heartily wish them gone."

The Doctor then pressed them tenderly in his arms, and the parting salute went round. Harriet stepped into the chaise first; Eliza loitered a moment; Howard pressed her hand to his lips; and—Adieu!—was reiterated on all sides as the chaise drew from the door.

CHAPTER II.

An Adonis——A Box Lounger——
A Prejudice defeated, and an unlooked for Calamity.

In the course of their journey, Harriet endeavored to amuse her friend with a ludicrous description of her own family; and Eliza gave her credit for much wit and ingenuity, except when she satirized too severely the foibles of a mother, an error of which she freely pointed out the impropriety to her volatile cousin. Amongst other things, Harriet said "I hope Mr. Warren will be at home when we arrive." "I thought he was not a favorite of yours," observed Eliza. "Nor is he," replied Harriet; "but I love dearly *introductions*." "Is he handsome?" asked Eliza carelessly. Harriet laughed: "What a question that for my demure coz! Yes, he is quite an Adonis." No more passed on the subject. It was evening when the chaise stopped at Mr. Franklin's house, in Craven-street.

Mrs. Franklin came to the door to receive them; and if Eliza had already conceived an unfavorable idea of her aunt it was not in the slightest degree removed by her appearance. Her person was coarse and bulky; her face highly colored; though, to do her justice, Nature bestowed the roseate tints, heightened occasionally by a little agreeable refreshment: her voice was loud and shrill, and her choice of expressions agreed little with grammatical arrangement. Eliza was for a moment thunder-struck how *such a woman* ever happened to be her aunt, till she recollected that Martha Twisden had for several years been a clever, careful housekeeper to her uncle, whose early indiscretions had rendered it a point of honor that he should marry her.

While this was passing in her mind, her footsteps followed Harriet into the parlor, where she was affectionately saluted by her uncle; and then with a sort of mock formality, introduced by Harriet to a fashionable looking young man, whom she announced to be Mr. Warren.——"Is this the Adonis?" thought Eliza, as her eye glanced over his figure: "I see nothing striking in his face or form."

Warren possessed, indeed, few dazzling attractions: his eyes and teeth were good, and his countenance was altogether animated and pleasing: he also possessed that gracefulness of manner which is generally acquired by an intercourse with good company. Harriet could hardly suppress her smiles, when she perceived, by the eyes of Eliza, the momentary disappointment her trick had occasioned.

Warren bowed respectfully to Eliza, and welcomed Harriet on her return in an easy, friendly way, but said little more the remainder of the evening.

Miss Franklin appeared not till supper-time: she was about forty years of age, and her features wore an expression of knowing vulgarity that disgusted Eliza extremely. "Well, my girl," said Mr. Franklin, with a good-humored nod, "how do you like the country you was in? I suppose you was unwilling to quit it." "Indeed papa I have reason to like it, for I met with every thing kind and agreeable: the country is rich and romantic, abounding with the good things of this world, which the good people of Devon pique themselves much upon enjoying. As for the gentry, they are poor and proud; the second class of people are plain spoken and hospitable; the *young girls* as gay, and the *old maids* as malevolent, as in London." I assure you, her eye glanced on Mary as she spoke, who returned it with a look of spite. "Really now," said Mrs. Franklin, "Harriet is quite a *towerist*!" "What public amusements had you?" asked Mr. Franklin, coloring at his wife's ignorance, a thing not unusual with him. "Oh, Sir," returned Harriet, "there are tolerable plays: five shilling concerts now and then; and military balls, where the red-coats dance together, because none of the *unqualified* can be admitted: then we have cards everlastingly from five-farthing loo too sixpenny whist: but the young ladies have now introduced speculation." Mr. Warren laughed. "I hope they find it answer." "What is the game?" enquired Mary." "Why," said Harriet, "the highest out is the winner, and that frequently happens to be a knave: I wish you would try a hand at it." Harriet's flippancy seemed soon to tire all, except herself; and they each retired to their respective apartments. Eliza easily perceived the injustice of the prejudice she had imbibed against Warren; and, upon further acquaintance, she found him an intelligent and instructive companion. He was naturally of a studious turn; but when released from scholastic occupations, he was frequently cheerful and entertaining: yet in his gayest moments he preserved the strictest decorum of conduct; and even the irregularities incident to youth in his situation and circumstances were governed by every seeming propriety.

Eliza one day expressed to Harriet her wonder that she should prefer the frivolous Walpole to a young man so amiable and accomplished. "There now!" cried Harriet; "you are just like papa; he is continually praising this lad, and wishing I had merit enough to win him instead of old Wintertop, who comes prosing after me: but I want no schoolmaster, Warren lectures me enough already." "Which is a proof of his friendship and regard." "No, no, Eliza; you mistake: he is proud, very proud. Why, do you know he has presented Mary and I with tickets for the Westminster Assembly, but never offered to attend us: however, I know a family who are going; and as you have never been to a London ball, you shall have mine; for Mary would die before she would give up the exhibition of her forty year's face." To this good-natured proposal Eliza strongly objected, adding that it would be rudely breaking Mr. Warren's arrangement.

"Oh, never heed that," cried Harriet; I know him: he would meet us in the room, make a formal bow, hope we found the company agreeable, bow again, make off, and take no further notice of us all the evening; and this, my dear, is pride, mere pride, which is perpetually at war with his goodness. I declare, I often smile to see how sorry he is when he has done a civil thing." "I always thought him extremely well bred, observed Eliza." "He is most scrupulously so, which I dislike; for that politeness which is merely the result of studied etiquette is but a poor compliment."

(To be continued.)

OF THE PASSIONS, AS THEY DISPLAY THEMSELVES IN THE LOOK AND GESTURE.

[*From Dr. Beattie's Elements of Moral Science.*]

PASSIONS being commotions of the body as well as of the mind, it is no wonder that they should display themselves in the looks and behavior. If they did not, our intercourse with one another would be much more difficult and dangerous than it is; because we could not so readily discover the characters of men, or what is passing in their minds. But the outward expresson of the passions is a sort of universal language; not very extensive indeed, but sufficiently so to give information of many things which it concerns us to know, and which otherwise we could not have known. When a man is even at pains to conceal his emotions, his eyes, features, complexion, and voice will discover them to a discerning observer; and when he is at no pains to hide or disguise what he feels, the outward indications will be so significant, that hardly any person can mistake their meaning: his anger, for example, though he should not utter a word, will contract his brows, flash in his eyes, make his lips quiver, and give irregular motions to his limbs. Sallust says of Cataline, that his eyes had a disagreeable glare, that his complexion was pale, his walk sometimes quick and sometimes slow, and that his general appearance betokened a discomposure of mind approaching to insanity.

It must be remarked here, that all are not equally quicksighted in discerning the inward emotion by means of the outward sign. Some have great accuteness in this respect, some very little: which may in part be owing to habits of attention or inattention. If there be men, as I believe there are, who study almost every countenance that comes in their way, whether of man or of beast, and if there be others who seldom mind things of that nature, it is reasonable to suppose that the former will have more of this acuteness than the latter.

The talent I speak of is sometimes called *skill in physiognomy*, or *physiognomony*; which last form of the word is more suitable to its Greek original. Aristotle, and other ancient Philosophers, wrote of it; and there were in ancient times persons whose profession it was to judge of the character from the outward appearance. One of these, having seen Socrates, without knowing who he was, pronounced him to be a very bad man, and enslaved to some of the worst passions in human nature. This was reported to Socrates, as a proof of the presumption and folly of the physiognomist. But Socrates told them, that the man had discovered uncommon penetration; for that he was by nature subject to all those passions, though with the aid of reason and philosophy he had now got the better of them.

I remark, secondly, that as all human minds are not equally susceptible of warm emotion, so all human bodies are not equally liable to receive impressions from the mind. There is an aukwardness in the gestures of some people, and a want of meaning in their faces, which make the outward appearance pretty much the same at all times, unless they be under great agitation. This may be in part constitutional, and partly the effect of habit. That uniformity of feature which the Stoics affected, and in which they supposed the dignity of man in a great measure to consist, was no doubt in many of them assumed and artificial.

But when we see the looks of one child continually varying as his thoughts vary, and those of another rarely undergoing any sensible change, we must impute this diversity to constitution, as we cannot suppose there is art or affectation in the case. In the countenance of Garrick there was more variety of expression than I ever saw in any other. This, after he became a player he studied and practised with extraordinary application: but the same thing was observable in him from his earliest years: as I have been assured by those who knew him when a boy.

I remark, thirdly, that all states of society do not allow equal scope to the outward and visible display of the passions. People in civilized life, from the awe in which they stand of the fashion and of one another, are at pains to curb, or at least to hide, their more violent emotions: whereas among savages, and persons little acquainted with decorum, there is hardly any restraint of this sort. Hence the intercourse of the latter is always more boisterous than that of the former, whether the conversation lead to joy or sorrow, merriment or anger; and their countenances are more deeply impressed with the traces of their predominant passions. Artists, too, as I have elsewhere remarked, who employ themselves in the nicer parts of mechanics, have generally a fixedness of feature, suited to the earnest attention which they are obliged to bestow on their work; while those who can can ply their trade, and amuse themselves at the same time with discourse, have for the most part smoother faces, and features less significant.

Though there are many who, from inattention or other causes, are not acute in discerning human characters, yet almost every man is to a certain degree a physiognomist. Every one can distinguish an angry from a placid, a cheerful from a melancholy, a thoughtful from a thoughtless, and a dull from a penetrating countenance. Children are capable of this; and soon learn to fear the frowns, and take encouragement from the smiles, of the nurse; to participate in her joys or sorrows, when they see the outward signs of those emotions; and to stand more in awe of an acute than of a listless observer. The faces of the more sagacious brutes are not without expression. A snarling cur and a well-natured dog, a high-mettled and a spiritless horse, are known by their countenance and carriage; and one might perceive intuitively, that wolves, foxes, polecats, and bull-dogs, are dangerous animals, and that from asses, sheep, calves, lambs, and kids, one has nothing to fear. He who acknowledges these facts, and has observed what varieties of expression may be displayed in pictures and statures, will admit, that physiognomy is a sort of science, and not destitute of truth; and that, by a careful observer, considerable progress may be made in it.

But observe, that it is not from the countenance alone that Physiognomists form their opinion. they must hear a man speak, and see him move, and act, and smile; they must be acquainted with his general carriage, before they can decide upon his character Painters have observed, that the position of the head is particularly expressive. Humility and sorrow appear in its hanging down; arrogance, in lifting it up, and tossing it back; some of

the gentler affections, in its inclining to one side; and steadiness in its rising erect between the shoulders. Love, Hatred, Joy, Grief, Intreaty, Threatening, Mildness, as well as Admiration, Anger, and Scorn, have visible effects on the attitudes of the head. The hands too, which it is difficult to move gracefully, and which those who have not been accustomed to elegant society ought to move but seldom, and with caution,—the hands, I say, by their motions and gestures, express various states of the mind, as Admiration, Hope, Consent, Refusal, Fear, Intreaty, and many others. But to describe those motions with accuracy is hardly possible; and, in a matter of this kind, inaccurate rules are worse than no rules at all, as they lead to affectation, and consequently to ungracefulness.

Some people show their characters more slowly than others. With one you think yourself acquainted at first sight; of another, after long trial, you can make nothing, and, if he is very cautious, he may elude your acutest observation for years. Hence let the physiognomist learn to be rather slow than hasty, in forming a judgment. Let him be on his guard, though appearances are favorable; and let charity incline him to moderation, even when he may think he has certainly detected a dangerous or disagreeable associate. We are often dissatisfied with a man at his first appearance, whom we afterwards find worthy of high esteem. In short, Physiognomy is, in most cases, a conjectural science, and must not be implicitly trusted; for objections may be found to almost every one of its principles.

Marshal Turenne, the greatest commander, and one of the best men of his time, had so unpromising a look, that when meanly dressed, as he often was, strangers were apt to mistake him for a simpleton. The same thing is recorded of another illustrious commander, Philopemen: and our Charles II. though a man of great pleasantry and good nature, had a stern and forbidding countenance.

Though I have long been studious of Physiognomy, and sometimes flattered myself that I had skill in it, I dare not venture to treat of it in any other way than by offering a few slight observations; well knowing that on such a subject, people are apt to run into wild theories, more likely to mislead than inform. The opinions of Aristotle and other wild writers have been collected by Joannes Baptista Porta; whose book, though formerly in some esteem, will give little satisfaction to the unbiassed and inquisitive observer. He, and some others, have amused themselves with fancying likenesses between the faces of men and of brutes, and assigning that character to the man, which predominates in the beast he resembles. They have also, from the proportions of particular parts of a human body, drawn conclusions with respect to the virtues or vices of the soul with which it is animated. And some would estimate the powers of a man's understanding by the shape of his skull, and the outline of his brow and nose. I have neither time nor inclination to enter into these enquiries: though I will not take it upon me to say, that they are wholly without foundation.

(To be continued.)

AN ADDRESS TO YOUNG MARRIED MEN.

YOU are now entered upon that important theatre of life, on which you are to act a part of its variegated, scenes either in a manner that will insure your present and eternal happiness or to the disgrace, infamy, and final ruin of yourselves, and the pleasing hopes of your fond indulgent parents, whose parental wing hath been extended over you from your infant years, and whose concern for you will cease but with their lives; whose nurturing hand hath thus raised you to a state of manhood, to be the hope and joy of their declining years, and whose weeping eyes still stream with the tears of anxiety on your account.—Suffer one then I entreat you, (one who has in his more youthful years, known the supreme pleasures and sweet enjoyments of that tender connection) suffer me, I say, to conjure you by every consideration you hold dear to yourselves, and the lovely partner of your bosom, to make a right choice of the good and evil things set before you; for now is the time with you, when a choice of your future mode of life will intrude upon you, and probably the decision you now make will be lasting; a decision that will place you, together with the amiable partner of your joys, either on the pinnacle of connubial bliss, or sink her with you, (O, awful thought) into the depths of hopeless misery. Think not that you are now addressed by cold unfeeling age, which had long forgotten the days of his youth, and which did not consider that the young, in their very nature, are prone to error—but be assured, my young friends, that one of youthful years addresses you, who knows by the lamented loss of them, how much you ought to prize the present precious moments allotted you, and which you are now enjoying, and is still mercifully continued to you by the immediate hand of Providential Heaven.—Let not a state of ease and indifference by any means possess your minds, nor content yourselves with the vain thought, that you may now, as in the days of your former life, indulge yourselves in wantonness, in pride, and vanity; but remember to recollect yourselves, now in the summer of your lives, that the charge you have voluntarily taken upon you is a sacred, and most important charge to you; the darling objects of your soul look for protection, happiness and support; on you they lean with a depending arm; to you their tender minds retreat on every alarm; and shall man, base man, betray and neglect them, those dearest pledges of Heaven's fond regard? Sooner may I behold the secret shaft of death, to cut the tender thread of your existence, and in pity to gentle bosoms, kindly hide you in the peaceful grave. Consider too, that perhaps a few fleeting years may commit to your care a tender and beloved offspring. O, speak the joy that will then suddenly seize your raptured bosoms, and in grateful praise, let ardent thanks return to Heaven, whose liberal bounties will be best requited by a conscientious discharge of your several duties to them in their tender and infant years.

"Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,
"To teach the young idea how to shoot;
"To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
"To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
"The generous purpose in the glowing breast;
"O speak the joy, ye, whom the sudden tear
"Surprises often, while you look around,
"And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss."

The more you feel a sense of this necessary duty actuate your minds, the greater will be the pleasure and consolation in the discharge of this indispensable and all-important duty. Say not

with Felix, when he thus reasoned with righteousness, and the duties revealed in his own conscience unto him: "Go thy way for this time, when I have a more convenient season, I will call for thee." Always remember, that delays are dangerous, and the oftener that divine spark within us is hid or disregarded, the more feeble your efforts will be to recover one lost moment, or bring back to your view that slighted path which would lead and guide you to the realms of peace. While thus the pen flows from a heart that feels for your welfare, and the prosperity of your rising families, suffer me to quere with you a little farther. How do you spend your precious evening hours, beloved youth; you who are the hopes of the present generation; you on whom the busy cares of a fluctuating world will soon devolve? Do you seek your happiness beneath your own sacred roof, in sweet retirement, in pleasing converse and enjoyment with the beloved friend of your bosom? for there, only, I can tell you, it is to be found. In vain will you expect to meet it amidst the circles of the gay and careless, whose wanton hours are wasted and lost in cruel riot; these may amuse the flattered mind a moment, but the pangs of remorse, will cancel all their joys and leave you to the bitter reflections of causing the tears of distressed innocence to flow for your guilt. Hearken then, I beseech you, by every tie of affection and duty, to the amiable companions of your lives, and by the injured innocence of your little prattlings, twining around your knees, and where one sense of your past folly may be awakened, there resolve in future, to devote the remainder of your fleeting hours to the more immediate calls of your domestic duties. Herein will you find that sweet harmony of thought, that inward rapture and peace of mind which will result from a conscientious discharge of well known duty, both to yourselves, your hoping families, and to your God.

ON FEMALE DRESS.

A WOMAN'S dress, like her reputation, should be without a spot. Neatness in attire is a most powerful attraction: it in some measure compensates for the want of beauty; and where personal charms are numerous, it gives them a double lustre. Nor is this quality less propitious to health than to fortune and love. A perpetual attention to the minutiæ of cleanliness is deemed the most sovereign preservative against all diseases, endemial as well as constitutional; while dirty finery, at the same time that it creates a waste of expense, never fails to disgust, and sometimes to injure.

There are some instances where the tawdry is, by a false taste, preferred to the neat; and the slut claims a kind of negative merit, from avoiding the imputation of being prim.

Extremes have always been censured as being irregular; it is therefore needless to observe, that the golden mean is the safest rule to walk by: but, if it is impossible to avoid error, the excess should be on that side where merit certainly lies.

I had formerly two female friends, whom I shall name Primilla, and Slutilla. A short character of each will best illustrate my doctrine.

Primilla was brought up under a maiden aunt, whose sole merit consisted in railing against present manners and modes, and extolling those which were predominant in her juvenile years. Her niece was early taught to hold herself as stiff as the unbending poker; and to dress with a precision and neatness, which made her clothes appear as if intended for her chains. She was cleanliness itself; she was loveliness in feature, and purity in heart; but her stiffness gave her the air of affectation among strangers: and the rigid maxims of her aunt, who generally attended her, kept her from a display of those amiable qualities which were inherent in her. The aunt died, and she became her own mistress, with an ample fortune. She immediately threw off the trammels of prudery, dressed in the reigning (but avoided the fantastical) taste; soon captivated a young gentleman of merit; and, though she has now been married twelve years, she has not proved negligent of her duty or her dress, nor once advanced the stale pretence,—that a woman who has got a young family cannot be neat.

Slutilla was the daughter of a mechanic, who, by a fortunate ticket in the lottery, from indigence and drudgery found himself in possession of ten thousand pounds. His wife, being unaccustomed to move in a sphere equal to such a fortune, was determined not to err by underdoing her part. She dressed to excess, and brought her daughter up to do the same. But, had you seen them on any public occasion, you would have sworn they had copied fashions from a gallery of family paintings, borrowing something from each. Such heterogeneous mixtures of modes were never displayed: a false taste gave the word, and the whole dress was at variance. Unity and simplicity, two essential sources of beauty, were entirely unknown: young Slutilla was tawdry without being fine; expensive without being neat. Her fortune procured her a husband: she immediately concluded the intention of dress was at an end, as far at least as might be deemed ornamental, and accordingly she studied it no longer. Her finery, tho' sufficient to have served her for some years, was put on with such disgusting negligence, and its preservation so little regarded, that she soon resembled one of those unfortunate fanciful people that inhabit Bedlam; who think a combination of fine rags and gay colors the height of personal decoration. By these means she early disgusted her husband, and made herself ridiculous to all her acquaintances. She saw and felt this; but she was either too indolent, or too destitute of good sense, to reform; and she fell a victim to wounded pride and chagrin, at an age when she might have been capable of giving and receiving the purest domestic pleasures.

From the fate of this unfortunate woman, I hope my fair readers will take warning; and while they, above all things, study to preserve the purity of the mind, and the delicacies of virtue, never slight those external decorations, which serve to engage affection, and keep its flame alive.

EUGENIA.

FIDELITY OF A MAMALUK.

MEHEMET Bey, having conquered his father-in-law and benefactor, put to death all those who followed the fortunes of Ali. In the atrocious exercise of his distrustful cruelty, he condemned to the loss of his hand and tongue, a bey, whose only crime was a

refusal to participate in this signal treason, and a stedfast adherance to that patron to whom he was indebted for his dignity and opulence. The unfortunate bey, driven to despair by his miserable condition, imparted to one of his mamaluks (who had the generosity not to desert him) his insupportable condition, and his extreme desire to get rid of his existence. He concluded by entreating his follower to precipitate him into the Nile, on which they were then sailing to the destined place of his exile.

"Yes, my dear master," said the mamaluk, "I feel the full extent of your misfortune. I well know, that, in this extreme of wretchedness, life must be a burden that you cannot long support. Yes, you shall die;——but you shall not die alone!"

He then embraced his patron, seized hold of him, clasped him tightly, and leaped with him into the river, where they were both drowned in each other's arms.

LITERARY COINCIDENCE.

IN the "Night Thoughts," Book iv. line 118, we read—"Man wants but little, nor that little long."—The reader cannot but observe the coincidence of thought and language between this and the following passage in Goldsmith's "Edwin and Angelina:"——

"Then, pilgrim, turn——thy cares forego,
All earthborn cares are wrong;
"Man wants but little here below,
"Nor wants that little long:"

A BON MOT OF DR. BROWN.

THE late celebrated Dr. Brown for many years addressed a favourite lady, in the hope of inducing her to become his wife; but, in spite of a strong and persevering attachment, she at length positively denied his suit.

During the time his hopes were kept alive, the lady in question was his constant toast; but, the moment they were extinguished by a *positive refusal*, he resolved to decline the diurnal practice.

A gentleman, not acquainted with Brown's disappointment, said,—"Come, Doctor, let us drink your *favourite toast*."

"No," replied the Doctor, "I have *toasted* her many years, and yet I cannot make her *Brown*; therefore, my friend, I shall give up the employment, and toast one whom I may color with a greater degree of ease!"

CURIOUS BILL,

Lately delivered to the Representatives of the Radnor Family, for repairs performed by a Tradesman of Truro, in Cornwall, on a Monument of that Family in Truro Church.

TO putting one new foot to Mr. John Roberts, 2s. 6d.; mending his other, 6d.; putting seven new buttons to his coat, 8d.; a new string to his breeches knee, 3d. Two new feet to Philippa, his wife, 6s. 6d.; mending her eyes, and putting a new nosegay in her hand, 2s. 6d. Two new hands and a nose to the Captain, 5s. 9d. To two new hands, and mending the nose of his wife, 4s.; repairing her eyes, and putting a new cuff to her gown, 1s. 8d. To making and fixing two new wings on Time's shoulders, 3s. 9.; making a new great toe, 1s.; mending the handle of his scythe, and putting a new blade to it, 1s. 6d.——Total, £1 10*s.* 7*d.*

CURIOUS EPISTOLARY ECONOMY.

MADAME DE GENLIS has lately published a work on female education, entitled "La Petit La Bruyere;" in which, after some observations on the value of time, she reprobates the fashion of repeating on the direction of letters, the titles, as à Monsieur, Monsieur, &c. and the names of the cities. She computes, that whoever has occasion to write two letters a day, the one to Constantinople, the other to Kimpercorentin, will lose, by writing the names of these places twice instead of once, half a minute a day. That when to this is added the practice of repeating Monsieur, and the very bad habit of sealing with wax instead of wafers, the loss amounts to no less than four minutes *per diem*, which at the end of the year amounts to *a dreadful total!*

MUSICAL CATS.

AN ingenious Parisian has taught cats to sing, as appears by the following advertisement, which has been published at Paris:—

"On the 5th Germinal will be performed, a *Miaulic* Concert, in which twenty-six cats will execute the air of *Rantamplan tire lire*, and of the *Eupoux assortis*. The concert will conclude with a grand chorus by all the 26 cats, in perfect concord, and excellent time!"—How far the appearance of a mouse would put the *miaulists* out of tune, is somewhat doubtful.

The ingenious Frenchman's *Miaulic* Concert is not wholly without a precedent in our country. Many years ago, a gentleman invented what he called a *Gruntetto*, the music of which was produced by swine: as far as I remember of it, it was in the form of an organ; on touching each key, a nail was made to touch the back of a swine, producing a grunting note, correspondent to its size: the *baconers* and *porkers* formed the *base* scale, and the *alts* were supplied by *sucking pigs*. The effect was wonderful. Thus it seems, that whatever enmity may regulate the respective governments in the conduct of the war, the capital cities of France and England wish for no rivalship but in frivolity of amusements. Here we are entertained by *learned dogs*, and there they are delighted by *musical cats!*

MORALIST.

THE number of duels that are now fought prove the sad depravity of the times, and of the little sense men have of another world. "If every one that fought a duel," says Addison, "were to stand in the pillory, it would quickly lessen the number of these men of imaginary honor, and put an end to so absurd a practice.

"When honor is a support to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the laws of God and our country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged: but when the dictates of honor are contrary to those of religion and equity, they are the greatest depravation of human nature, by giving wrong ambitions and false ideas of what is good and laudable, and should therefore be exploded by all governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human society."

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, May 12, 1804.

The office of the VISITOR is removed to No. 102, Water-street, opposite the CHRONICLE office.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 34 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 8—pleurisy 2—white swelling 1—tabes 1—dysentery 2—decay 2—fits 2—dropsy 2—hives 1 drowned 3—fever 1—abscess on the lungs 1—killed by fall 1—phthisis pulmonia 1—convulsions 1—inflammation in the bowels 1—heavy cold 1—worms 1—and 2 of disorders not mentioned.

Of whom 28 were adults, and 6 children.

The late inundation at Sangerfield, Oneida County, has produced very serious effects to the lives as well as the property of the inhabitants. A mill dam which crossed one of the streams in this vicinity, owned by Mr. John B. Williams, by the great pressure of water gave way, and seemed to sweep evething in its direction. Another a little below, owned by Justus Tower, Esq. being better fortified, opposed for a few moments the raging of the flood. Not suspecting danger, Esq. Tower with two of his neighbors, Mr. Williams and Mr. Bartow, ventured to the centre of the dam to remove some flood wood. In a moment the whole gave way and all three were hurried down the fatal deep among the timber flying in every direction. Mr. Williams was thrown upon a stump, which happened to be on higher ground, about twenty rods below the dam, where he held until relieved by people from the shore, having had his leg and thigh broke in a most shocking manner: which was amputated the next day by Dr. Hulli, Mr. Bartow received no material injury. Diligent search was made for esq. Tower, but to no purpose, until the next day, about two o'clock, when his body was discovered under a large log among a pile of flood wood, a hundred rods below the mill—*Ulster Gaz.*

Married,

On Thursday evening, May 3, Mr. William Buckingham, merchant of Newburgh, to Miss Mary M'Kenzie, of this City.

On Friday evening the 4th inst. Mr. William Orr, to Miss Isabella Bald.

Same evening, Mr. William Holden, to Miss Marian Swan.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. George Hopson, jun. of this city, merchant, to Mrs. Mary Lamb, daughter of Mr. John Moncriffe, esq. of Charleston, (S. C.)

At Philadelphia Mr. William Sheepshanks to Miss Spencer.

Died,

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Daniel Tozer, Branch Pilot, of this port.

SACRED CONCERT,

Will be given by the New-York Musical Society on Tuesday the 14th inst. at the Brick Meeting, opposite the Park, for the benefit of the Widows Society.

Tickets may be had of Capt. Christopher Prince, No. 42 Barclay st. Dr. Joshua Secor, opposite St. Pauls Church, of Beach and Ward, No. 3 City-Hotel, of Miles Hitchcock, No. 36 Maiden-Lane, Sage and Thompson, 149 Pearl-St. of John C. Totten, No 153 Chatham-St. of J. Paff, Maiden-lane, at No. 44 Partition St. and at the door in the evening. Doors to be opened at six o'clock and the performance to begin at half past seven.

SELECT CLASSES.

THE subscriber purposes to begin a course of Geography, and History, with the use of the globes, on the 14th of this month, for young ladies, at his Academy, No. 19 Partition-street. This class will be kept in the morning from 6 to 8. Another class to go in at 11 and come out at 1. In addition to Geography, there will be given exercises in Grammar, Composition, and Elocution, in order to complete an elegant English education.

J. KAY.

E. Woolfendale Milliner and Mantuamaker removed to No. 112 Broad-way nearly opposite the City-Hotel. Three young ladies wanted to learn the business.

To let 2 rooms one a large front room the other a small back room, they may be had either furnished or unfurnished, enquire as above.

W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dey-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antiscorbutic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the "Lottery for the Encouragement of Literature, No. II," either whole, or in halves, quarters, or eighths.

9,913 Prizes—23,087 Blanks—Less then 2¼ blanks to a prize—Subject to a deduction of 15 per cent.

N. B. Tickets examined and registered as usual—Cash paid for prizes as soon as drawn—Orders for tickets or shares, (post paid) carefully attended to.

Tickets now selling for 8½ dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

Theatre.

Saturday May 12,

being the day appointed to commemorate the cession of Louisiana to the United States, will be presented, the popular play of

The Glory of Columbia her Yeomanry.

To which will be added, a Comedy, in two acts, (by J. Workman, esq. of Charleston, S. C.) called,

Liberty in Louisiana.

In act 2d, a representation of the cession of Louisiana.

FOR THE VISITOR.

THE VIOLET.

GO fairest flower that decks the vale,
To De Sevigne go;
Thy fragrant sweets for him exhale,
To blossom and to blow.

Go tell I love, and I despair,
For hope is ever flown:
That he, alas, is all my care,
And he, unkind alone.

LAURA.

TO A FRIEND

Employed in shooting Sparrows.

BY JAMES KENNEY.

WHY should men poor Sparrows shoot?—
"Why! they rob us of our fruit:
"All our cherry-trees infest,
"Eat the ripest and the best.
"Who can e'er a table deck
"With the fruit these rascals peck?"
Thus the question you decide,
Thus your gun is justified.
One among the pilfering race
Yonder listens to your case,
Cocks aside his cunning eyes,
Chirps, and doubtless thus replies.
"This for doctrine then you give—
"Man alone was made to live.
"The rain of heav'n, the genial ray,
(If Sparrows things so fine may say)
"That made your trees and cherries grow,
"God could ne'er for birds bestow.
"Prove me these by right your own,
"Special gifts to man alone,
"Then I'll own the race that fly,
"Merely *live* to starve and *die*;
"But till then excuse my plan
"Still to feast where'er I can."
Reasons sound as these appear,
Strange it is you should not hear.
T'other day your lib'ral hand,
Prompt at Charity's command,
One who your assistance crav'd,
From a prison's mis'ry sav'd.
With such a deed how great the strife
To rob these merry rogues of life,
To stop their ever-gay vagaries,
For what?—to save a pound of cherries,
Few the days that life affords,
Very few the life of birds,
Short and free of grief or care,
Light as is their native air,
And, says the circumscrib'd believer,
Ending once to end for ever.
Take not then such lives away—
Let them live while live they may.

Sparrows! were a garden mine,
Thick with cherry-tree or vine,
Freely might you revel there,
Seed or berry freely share.
I can see no reason why
Man should bound our charity;
Why like niggards we should spare it,
When so cheaply you may share it.

FOR THE W. VISITOR.

To the fair unknown, with whom I shall one day enjoy the soft delights of connubial love.

BENEATH whatever clime, oh! lovely fair,
Your locks dishevel'd court the morning air;
Whether on Haerlem's fertile plains you stray,
And with your radiance dim the god of day;
Or in some distant clime you blush unknown,
And waste those charms that well might grace a throne.
Still would I hail thee, still prolong the lay,
Still with fond fancy wait the wish'd for day,
When you your blushing charms, shall pleas'd resign,
And fondly mix your gentle soul with mine.

William-Street. ELDRED.

THE LADDER.

ONE day, (I tell it as the story goes)
Between a ladder's *rungs* a diff'rence rose——
A learn'd dispute, where each preferr'd a claim
To rank the highest on the lists of fame.
That which was *topmost* did with warmth declare
That all the merit fell unto his share;
Because, says he, "like all-commanding Jove,
"I have the honor to be plac'd above;
"And all below me have been fix'd by fate
"To do their duty in inferior state.
"And let me ask you, is it not most strange
"That you this well plann'd system would derange?"
To which *the last* replied with modest grace,
"By *chance* alone you gain'd the highest place,
"Are we not all of wood?—the tree the same?
"Why then should you assert *exclusive* claim
"To rank pre-eminent o'er *fellow-wood*?"
"True, says the topmost, it is understood
"That chance has fix'd us in a diff'rent state,
"Chance plac'd me first, and you have come too late,
"The order's fix'd, and you must yield to fate."

Stern Justice lent an ear and heard the whole,
When, stung with indignation to the soul,
She turn'd the ladder, and the scene revers'd—
The *first* made *last*, and thus the *last* made *first*!

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

WHAITES & CHARTERS,
PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,

Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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